

# COBBETT'S WEEKLY REGISTER.

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TO THE  
**BOROUGHMONGERS.**  
*On Castlereagh's cutting his Throat, and on their own probable Fate.*

Steyning, Sussex, 21 August 1822.

BOROUGHMONGERS,

THE last time I addressed you I did it from Long Island. It was in a few months after I had fled across the sea to avoid the dungeons of Sidmouth. It was in the memorable year 1817, when the *Petitions for Reform* were answered by Bills to enable the Ministers to shut whom they pleased up in any prison that they pleased and for any length of time that they pleased. It was in the year of *Sidmouth's Circular*. It was in the year of the

hanging of the brave *Cashman*. It was in the year when the *stern-path* man said, that the funds had risen in consequence of the passing of the dungeon and the gagging bills. It was, in short, in the year of your *most insolent triumph*; though you have always been insolent when the people have been suffering from oppression. It was in the year when one of the most hardened and infamous of you said, that such a fuss need not be made about the dungeoning; for, what was it? It was, at most, the *abstracting* of a few dozen of individuals from society. The cold-blooded and insolent tyrant, who uttered those words, is a fair specimen of the whole of you.

Your affairs are a little changed now. I told you they would change. Read my letter, that

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I have mentioned above. See this, doubt of the *purity* of that body. The act was *not complete*. It had been contemplated ; but it had not been *done*. The House could not punish that which had only been *thought about*. It did, indeed, go beyond the thought : it went so far as a *bargain* ; but, the bargain had not been acted upon : the goods had not been *delivered*. And, therefore, the House, always equally *just* and *pure* ; full of purity, but not less full of *justice* ; not less tender of the *rights* than of the *purity* of its Members, could not proceed to punishment ; but, it took care to *resolve* most solemnly, that it would so have proceeded, if the act *had been completed* ; that is to say, if the *swap* or *truck* had actually taken place.

a high notion of its purity, *resolved* at the same time, that the *purity* of the House ought to be most *jealously watched over* and *most carefully preserved* !

Very well ! This was doing a good deal. These must be incredulous indeed, who could, after

This was very fine, and all was snug again, and all, if possible, purer than ever. But, as the evil genius of Boroughmongering would have it, in a very few days afterwards, Mr. Maddocks came to the House, and offered to *prove at the bar*, that a seat

*in that House had been sold by Castlereagh to Mr. Quintin Dick,* and, that the thing had been done by Castlereagh with the knowledge and concurrence and connivance of *Perceval*, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Maddocks was not to be bothered or browbeaten out of the thing; and, he, at last, made his charge in distinct terms, and then *moved for leave to produce his evidence at the bar.*

Before he did this, however, he moved the reading of the famous *purity-resolution*, above-mentioned; which declared, that, it was only because the act was *not completed*, that the House did not then proceed to punishment.

Well, then! There was now a *completed act*. And, what did the House *do* on the motion of Mr. Maddocks for producing evidence at the bar? I need not tell you, Boroughmongers. You know well all about it. But, a part of the public may have forgotten it; and, a large part of the young men of this day; and, it

is on the young men that the fate of the country must depend; a large part of the young men, who have seen Castlereagh cut his throat, were *little boys* when he was accused of selling the seat to Quintin Dick. They, therefore, ought to be told what the Honourable House did when the *completed act* was offered to be proved at their bar, and when a *motion* was made for that purpose.

*Castlereagh and Perceval*, both Privy Councillors as well as Ministers of the King and Members of the Parliament, were *present*. As soon as Mr. Maddocks had made his motion, *Perceval* rose. He said, that he should neither *acknowledge* nor *deny*; but, he submitted to the House, whether, at a time when the spirit of *disaffection* was abroad, and when designs manifestly existed to pull down all the *institutions of the country*; whether, at such a time, the House would *lend itself* to a proceeding like this, which could have no other effects than

those of gratifying the malignity of those who wished to subvert social order and our holy religion and of paving the way for the ultimate success of that nefarious wish! Having said this, *Perceval* retired, amidst the cheering of his auditors! Then rose *Castlereagh*, and said, that, *agreeing*, as he did most heartily, in all that had been said by his Honourable friend, and *confident* as he was that the House would follow the advice which that Honourable friend had given it, he should not trouble the House with *any thing* on his own part! Then he retired, and was also cheered!

And, now what did the Honourable House do with Mr. Maddocks's motion for *calling evidence to the bar?* Why, they negatived the motion; they *refused to hear* the evidence; they voted, about *four to one*, that they would *not suffer evidence to come to the bar*; though they had voted only a few days before, that it was their duty *to watch*

*over and to preserve the purity of the House!* But, we must not forget, that this was not only done, but the occasion was made use of to *revile the reformers*; whom *Canning* called, a "*low, degraded crew.*" In opposing the motion, he called upon the House "to make a *stand against Democratical encroachment.*" *Lord Milton* said, that he should not think *at all the worse* of the accused parties even if the facts were proved; and Mr. Ponsonby, the leader of the "*Opposition,*" said, that the things charged were practised by all parties, and were "*as notorious as the sun at noon-day,*" and, on that ground, he opposed the motion.

These things, Boroughmongers, it is right that the *young men* of the present day should know; and, if they wish for further particulars, let them see the Register of 11th May, 1809. Then let the young men reflect on the *end* of *Perceval* and *Castlereagh.* They retired *amidst cheers* in 1809! Did they retire amidst

*cheers* at last! Let the young men reflect on these things, and it will do them more good, it will do more towards making them just, humane, and public-spirited; it will give them a greater horror for corruption and every species of villany, than the hearing of ten thousand sermons, though from the mouth of a *Bishop*.

But, *you*, Boroughmongers, horrid Boroughmongers, you will be softened into justice by nothing but the *force of events*. This Castlereagh was, however, your *cock*. You looked up to him more than to any other man. You thought, that there was *nothing* that he would not do in *your cause*; and you *all* liked him, one of you as much as the other, whatever some of you might pretend. He was the favourite of you *all*; and for precisely the reasons that he was abhorred by the people of England. His insolent proposition to set men to "dig holes one day and to fill them up the next," had in it sufficient to entitle him to everlasting detestation;

for, what was it but this: that, if they could not be starved to death, they should, at least, be compelled to *toil* for what they got in the way of *relief*, though the *toil* were *useless*. Such an idea never entered into the mind of any man not filled with the spirit of Boroughmongering.

His "*education of the country*" was another mark of his insolent disposition that deserves particular notice. He had called the people of London, who stood so nobly forward in defence of the injured Queen, the "*basest populace*." He had uniformly treated the Reformers as wretches to be hunted off the face of the earth. He had been the agent in bringing forward law after law to cramp, degrade, and punish them. He had always spoken of them as deluded and brutal things. According with this idea he had proposed laws to prevent the common people from meeting, at their pleasure, even to petition. County Meetings, however, were still permitted, subject to great restraints

and only at the pleasure of the *Sheriffs* appointed by the Ministry. Well; one of these, under all these restrictions, takes place; and, the County of Suffolk, thus assembled, petitions for a *Reform of the Parliament*. And, what does this man of insolence then say? Why, that “*he would appeal from such meetings to the education of the country!*” That is to say, to himself, his colleagues, to *you*, and to whatever lived on the taxes. If the education of the country were not to be found in a County Meeting, where was it to be found? If a County Meeting was, as another was said most insolently to call it, “*a farce;*” what was there left us? What belonging to our rights and liberties was *not a farce*; and, what were we, the people of England; what, according to these two Irishmen were we but a *set of brutes?*

It is curious enough, that one of these should have cut his throat, and that the opinion of the other should have been brought forward in order to show, that *insanity* was the cause;

aye, in order to show, that the throat-cutter was actually *insane* while sitting in council *with the King*; though, notwithstanding the alleged decided marks of insanity, the offices of the three Secretaries of State were left in his hands, and he was left to prepare himself for going to represent the King at a Congress of the *Holy Alliance*! This was, then, “*the education of the country;*” this was what was to be appealed to from the petitions of the people in County Meeting assembled; this was what Englishmen were to bow down before; this was that *education* to the superior lights of which we were to yield up our convictions; this was that *education* to the dictates of which we were to yield implicit obedience, and on the plans and measures of which we were to rely for our own happiness, and for the honour and safety of our sovereign’s throne! And, if we did not so rely, we were to be treated as *disaffected men, or as basest populace.*

For many years past, and I call upon the public to attest the fact, I have asserted, that the greatest, the most marked, characteristic of the Ministry has been *folly*. The other qualities have been evident enough. But, as I have so many times observed, *folly* has been the greatest characteristic. Nothing short of the most consummate folly could have brought a country like this into such a state as this country now is. It cannot have been the effect of *design*; for, be men what they will, they do not, if in their senses, desire to expose themselves to hatred and contempt. It cannot have been by design, that a large portion of the people have been reduced to *starvation*, while *over-production* is alleged, by the Ministers, to be the cause of the nation's *distress*. Yet, the thing has been *done*; and, at this very moment, all the evils are increasing, and are likely to increase. It must, then, have been *folly*; the cause must have been *imbecility* of mind. And, not

only that sort of imbecility which makes men incapable of avoiding mischievous measures, but that sort also which makes them incapable of adopting good measures when tendered to them. These men have been duly warned at every stage and almost every step of their ruinous and horrible progress. They have been duly told, that such and such, their intentions, if acted upon, would produce such and such calamities. They have invariably rejected the advice, despised the warning, often punished, as far as they were able, the persons giving the warning; and the predicted consequences have invariably followed. You, or, rather, the people, for all truth is thrown away on you; the ruined landlords, farmers and traders have only to read through the *Register* for the last 10 years. It is a register of the warnings given to this Government; a register of its contempt of those warnings; and a register of the ruinous consequences, even to the very letter.

in many cases, and, in all cases, to the substance.

Only a few weeks ago I addressed a Register to this very man who has now cut his throat. In that Register, which, by-the-by, was much more likely to be the cause of his throat-cutting, than the causes assigned by his friends; in that Register I reminded him of what I said to him in the year 1815, when he was making such fine treaties, when he was bargaining about the Museums, and Napoleon, and when he was clapped and huzzaed by the very basest crowd, the most degraded and most cruel and cowardly and infamous gang of vagabonds that ever disgraced the human form. In that Register I reminded him of what I addressed to him at that time of his "glory." I showed him, that I then foresaw and foretold how low he and his colleagues would sink England. I showed him, that all the present calamities and all the greater that are approaching, having been clearly pointed out to him as the inevitable consequences of the measures he was pursuing, he now became responsible for having rejected the advice and despised the warning; and that, upon every sound principle known amongst men, that advice and that warning were good evidence against him. I told him, and I was in earnest, that, if I were a Member of Parliament, I would not, as to this matter, amuse myself with speeches; but, that I would accuse him and his colleagues of being the cause of the nation's sufferings; and, that I would do this, too, in regular form; in good plain charges, first, second, third, and so on; and let them rub them out if they could. This I certainly would do: a nation is not to be brought to ruin in the way that this has been without responsibility some where! There is no saying what was the precise cause; but, I will say for myself, that, if I had been in Castle-reagh's place, the Register for the last twelve months would have been the likeliest thing in the

world to make me cut my throat; and his colleagues must be fellows, with heads of *solid bone*, if they can think of the *Gridiron* with any thing like tranquillity of mind; a reflection which will by no means tend to *retard* the public exhibition of that culinary implement.

In this man there was every thing odious, but particularly his *insolence*, another instance of which I am now going to remind *you* of, because *you* applauded him for it. *You* applauded *all* his acts; but the one I am going to refer to was an object of your marked approbation, which you expressed in your usual way; that is to say, by *brutal noise*. This was, his saying of *me* (for *me* he clearly meant), that I had the "ambition to aim at *office*" "without any thing to qualify "him [*me*] for it." In the first place this was a *falsehood*; and, in the next place it was *basely insolent*. "Office," indeed! As if every man, who takes a part in the discussing of public matters

wants a place and plunder. As if that were the *only* way in which an ambitious mind could be gratified. As if there were no *fame* equal to that of being a tax-eater. But, what idea of fame had he, or could he have? What did he, or could he, set a value on, but those things which a man of mind must despise? A man that could live twenty-seven years and make part of a Government under which such a nation as this was suffering what it has suffered, could have no idea of what a love of fame really is. But, at any rate, was I less qualified for "office" than *he*? Could I have been more than *insane*? That is a foolish maxim that says we are not to speak evil of the dead: it is the maxim of knaves imposed on fools. We are to say nothing but *truth* of the dead, and the same rule we ought to observe towards the living. And, surely, this is an occasion for my remarking on this particular instance of this man's insolence. *He* was a pretty fellow indeed to impute to *unqua-*

lified persons the crime of aiming at “ office ! ” He who now is made out to have been *insane* while he was *leading* the House of Commons ; and whose speeches and propositions, for years and years, afforded such striking proofs of imbecility.

In 1816 I declared him to be out of his wits. His language in the debates upon Mr. Western’s motion of that year, and about the time of that motion, convinced me, that he was what they call *cracked*, or that he was, at the very least, the *wildest* of mortals. His definition of the effects of peace upon capital was really such stuff as could not have come out of a *sane* head, though Lawyer Scarlett repeated it, about 18 months ago, during his speech against the poor Rumpite Evans. But, indeed, the moment it became necessary to think about the management of the nation’s affairs *without a boundless paper-money*, all the managers appear to have lost their senses. They could go on very well, while there

was nothing to do but to issue Exchequer Bills, make Loans, and employ Soldiers ; but, the moment it came to be a *peaceable affair* ; the moment that boundless supplies could not be had even through the means of irresistible physical force, they seem to have known nothing at all of what was necessary to be done. Never was there anything more *edifying* than the history of the conduct of these men. A most useful work would be to trace the evils which this nation has suffered, and as yet to suffer, to the imbecility of their minds ; to show, not only that the evils of such and such a nature have arisen from such and such measures, but to show also the *imbecile notions*, in the several cases, which produced the measures. I did this, in one of my Long Island Registers, with regard to Peel’s Bill. I wish some one would undertake to go, in this way, through the *whole of the acts* of this set of men. I will not do it. I have had enough of their beastly folly. I shall content

myself with triumphing in the fulfilment of my predictions, and with witnessing the confusion that my and my country's enemies will finally plunge themselves into. But, if any one would bestow the time and trouble, our children might benefit from such a work.

It would seem, at first sight, that the *concern* could lose nothing by the death of this silly creature. But, this is a concern of a *singular* character. It does not stand upon sense and reason. Those who have the carrying of it on, need not be overburdened with understanding. Indeed men of real knowledge and talent never could make it wag an inch. But, notwithstanding this, the throat-cutting will produce a great effect. Some are talking about the difficulty to find a man to *supply the place* of Castlereagh; but, the thing for the Ministers to look after is, something that will make those who followed at his heels forget that it has now been proved, that they were, all the while, crouching to and confiding in an

*insane person!* Never again, so long as this system lasts, will any leader find such obsequious followers. The very same men that crawled along after him like curs at the heels of a rat-catcher, will now begin to reflect on their folly, and to feel shame at their former self-degradation.

As to *you*, horrid Borough-mongers, you, who are steeped up to the chin in frauds, perjuries, bribery, corruption; you, who are the most unjust, base and shameless of mankind, nothing will correct you, nothing but the *force of events*. You would see one half of the nation starved and the other half murdered, before you would yield your profitable corruption. But, there are others who will have a strong impression produced on their minds by this man's death, under such circumstances, and proceeding, as it did, immediately from his own hand. I (repeating my opinion expressed before) anticipate a good deal of change of opinion amongst those who have the power to grant and to

refuse supplies of money. These persons, and particularly that part of them who have most weight and influence in the several counties of the kingdom, have been accustomed, for a long time, to look up to CASTLEREAGH as a sort of successor of PITT; that is to say, as a man able by some means or another, to carry them through their difficulties; difficulties which they saw themselves much more clearly than he did; but, still, scores of them, each with a vast deal more sense and talent than he, leaned on him as a prop amidst their dangers. This may seem strange; but it is not the less true for being strange. I have not the smallest doubt, that many, who have appeared to regard him as a superior being, have, each of them, ten times the real judgment and talent that he had; because, it is next to impossible for a man to have less of either; and this I have been saying for years and have proved a thousand times over. But, there is a good deal in habit; and in no habit more

than that of pinning one's faith on another's sleeve. Such men as those that I have in my eye have never thought for themselves; till, at last, to rely on the judgment of others has become part of the character of their minds. The weight of *office* is also prodigious in producing that species of subjection of which I am speaking. If we see a man with a gown and wig on for instance, it requires positive evidence to make us believe that he is not learned in the law. The very name of Doctor of Divinity demands proof to make us believe that the man is not pious; to have been a Minister for twenty years; to have represented the KING at a Congress of Sovereigns; to have been a leader of the House of Commons for ten years; to have been, in short, the man selected on all occasions to bear the brunt in difficult circumstances: these, upon the face of them, demand a belief in his talents and resources of mind. We forget all the while, *who those are* by whom he has

been selected and empowered : we take the office as an evidence of the talent, and we place our reliance accordingly. To these we must add the confident manner ; the artful reserve ; the sort of oracular phraseology of the man. Perhaps, and most likely, this was not the effect of design, but that of a happy confusion of ideas. Impudence was the main ingredient. Men of common modesty could not bring themselves to believe, that there was nothing in the head of such a man, nor could they reconcile it to any thing like reason, that so many other men could suffer him to stand above them in office unless upon the ground of their conviction of his superiority. Hence it was that CASTLEREAGH found at his heels men, and many men, of good natural abilities. It must be confessed, that he was a good deal shaken in their opinions, during the last Session of Parliament. That resource of mind, for which he had so long had credit, was found to be wanting in him ; and

he himself was made to perceive that the discovery had been made. Nevertheless, he still retained a large portion of the confidence of the persons of whom I have been speaking. Now, however, he is not only gone, but gone in a manner to perform miracles in the opening of these persons eyes. They now see, that it may have been a madman that they were listening to instead of an oracle. Men are apt to run backward as fast as they have been running forward ; and I shall be very much deceived, if we do not see this remark verified when the Parliament shall meet again. The stupidest of animals are not easily caught a second time in the *same trap* ; and I shall be much deceived, if the Country Gentlemen of England be a second time induced to look up with admiration, and to drag on a mental servitude to any one who shall talk of *sudden transitions from war to peace* ; of *digging holes one day and filling them up the next* ; and of *preserving national faith by*

stripping the Landlords of their estates, the Farmers and Tradesmen of their capital, and the Labourers and Journey-men of their wages.

Some conjecture, that *Canning* must, however disagreeable in certain quarters, be kept at home to supply the place of the great *hole-digger*. What, then, there are yet men to believe, that it is still to be an affair of *talk*! There are yet men to believe, that rents are to be talked into the landlords' pockets, and food into the mouths of the starving Irish! Such men may *believe* what they please; but, I can assure them, that no ranting about "*Jacobins*" and "*Democratical encroachments*" will induce the landlords to see their estates pass quietly away to the Jews. You, horrid Borough-mongers, will see this; because you know how to *lick yourselves whole*; you know how to swim while others sink. But, you will not be able to carry the thing through in the teeth of the whole community; and you will find,

that, though he may be perfectly sane, *Canning*, if chosen, will not be able to get along a month without a further, and a much further, *repeal of taxes*! And how is that to take place without a reduction of the interest of the debt? And how is that to take place without a *Reform of the Parliament*? And how is that to take place without *driving you to cut your throats*?

The prices of farm-produce are now indeed beginning to find their natural level. And, what sort of level is this for *you* and your traffic? If rents could not be paid before; if farmers were unable to hold up their heads last year; what is to be the case now? In all human probability good wheat will soon come to *four shillings a bushel* on an average. That is about the mark; and, with those prices and *present taxes*, no rent can be paid; and, when no rent is paid, the Fund-lords and Waterloo and the Horse-Guards and Whitehall have, in fact, the *ownership of the whole*

of the lands. To prevent this, taxes enormous must be taken off. The twenty millions of taxes, regarded as the reverie of Mr. WIVILL, will be a reality. And do you think, that the talk of Canning about "national faith" and "the sun of prosperity" and about "democratical encroachment" will make men give up their last shilling in reality? Yet, give it up they must, if there be no reform; for, without that there can be no reduction of the interest of the Debt, and without that, it is impossible to reduce taxes to any considerable amount.

We seem, therefore, horrid Boroughmongers, to be coming to that state anticipated and described by me in my *Leave-taking Address*. Recollect the passage where I compare the Landlords to the ruined gamester in *Hogarth*. Let the Landlords read that passage now, and then think of the fact, that, when it was written, its author was preparing for flight to a foreign land to avoid the dungeons provided by a Bill brought

into the House of Commons by that Castlereagh who has now cut his throat. The predictions contained in that Address are actually in the course of fulfilment. I then expressed a doubt, whether a reduction of the interest of the Debt could take place without Reform. I am now confident it cannot; so that, the choice lies between a *Reform of Parliament*, or *loss of estates to the present owners*; and, even the latter will only *put off Reform for a while*. So that, horrid Boroughmongers, you are sped go the thing which way it may.

I know, that the thought will make you desperate; but to make you more desperately wicked than you have been, and are, is impossible.

This island has not been able to bound your malignity. You have scowled like fiends on man wherever you have seen him free, or likely to be free. The *State of France* as described in an Article in another part of this Register, has given, and gives, you anguish

like that which devils feel at the sight of human felicity. To Spain and Portugal your eyes are now directed, in the hope that tyranny will, at last, be re-established over the mangled carcasses of half a people. You will be deceived there too. Never will the Spaniards and Portuguese again be slaves; and never the dupes of a *sham representation*. It is a hard case, that, no where in the world, you can find a people in love with the glorious fabric of Boroughmongering, though it has, you and your tools say, been for ages the envy of surrounding nations and admiration of the world.

Strange indeed, that no people upon earth will take it up!

Quit these hopes, horrid Boroughmongers, horrid dealers in bribery and perjury, monsters of fraud and cruelty, hypocrites unparalleled, quit these hopes, and let me bring you back once more to things that must take place, and that must affect you. It is said of the screech-owl, that it delights in that war of the ele-

ments which spreads alarm and destruction on all around. With much more truth may it be said, that *you*, horrid Boroughmongers, delight in those events and circumstances which make the mass of mankind miserable; and with perfect truth may it be asserted, that every thing which is good for the people of England is bad for *you*. That *harvest*, the like of which has not been seen for just threescore years; that great blessing which Providence, in its bounty, has been pleased to bestow on us, is a *curse*, and a deadly curse to *you*, horrid Boroughmongers.

Where are now all the *hopes* of the *stern-path* men? Where are now the hopes, expressed in the Agricultural Report of 1821, that *prices would rally*? Horrid Boroughmongers, read the *Ten Letters to Landlords*; read the Rustic Harangues at *Battle* and at *Huntingdon*, and see how truly I told the Farmers' fortunes! See how much better I understood these matters than the oracles on whom

you have relied! It is useless for you to threaten and bully. The difficulties now to be dealt with yield to neither noisy speeches nor to bayonets. Another batch of laws equal to *Six-Acts* would not raise the price of wheat the millionth part of a farthing a bushel; and, again and again I say, the *Parliament must be reformed*, or every inch of land must pass away from the present owners.

Here, horrid Boroughmongers, I should stop; or, I should merely add, that I look upon you as being *all alike*, all equally worthy of detestation, whatever your professions may be, and whether your traffic be great or small. I have not forgotten the horrid Boroughmonger, who ordered all those of his tenants to be *turned out* who were Reformers, or relatives of Reformers! This was a rule that may serve as a guide for others. I should stop here; but, I have to notice the *burying* of Castlereagh; and I cannot possibly find a fitter

place for it than in an address to you.

The folly of his survivors must be equal to his own, or, surely, they would not have chosen *Westminster Abbey* as the place! This was the case, however; and on Tuesday, the 20th instant, the body was carried from his house in *St. James's Square* (to which it had been brought privately during the preceding night) to the Abbey Church in the usual way of a private funeral. It was attended by all the Ministers in their coaches, and by a great number of other persons in the same way. The hour chosen for the purpose was *nine o'clock in the morning*, just the hour when all working people are busy at their work. Nevertheless, there were not less than from 10 to 15,000 persons collected about the Abbey Church. The windows of the houses on the line of the procession were *not closed up*, except those of the public offices. Little demonstration of *public feeling* was disco-

vered, till the coffin was taken out of the hearse to be carried into the Church, when “the basest populace” gave three such cheers as have seldom been heard even in London. A “great” man put forth his hand and waved it in sign of his command for silence, which brought a discordant mixture of *kisses, groans, and laughter*. The Abbey Church doors (within which none had been admitted without *tickets*) were instantly closed, and the loud uproar ceased. But the multitude continued to increase instead of diminish, until it was far greater than that which had been at the same spot on the day of the *Coronation*, when this very Castlereagh, surrounded by an *immense army*, showed, in a remarkable manner, his *exultation*. This, brave and persecuted CAROLINE, was the very spot where your mighty heart bursted! Those Abbey doors that were closed against you, were now opened to receive the self-destroyed body of him who brought down the *Green Bag* against you! Aye, and that

very *Holme Sumner*, who stood foremost in opposing the insertion of your name in the *Liturgy*, was amongst the *mourners* over this self-destroyed body! Such reflections did not fail to be made by “the basest populace” now assembled, and to whom that appellation was given by Castlereagh, when they so nobly stood forward in defence of the injured Queen.

Now, horrid Boroughmongers, will you say that this conduct of the people was such as *never before was seen* in the people of England; so justly famed for their merciful disposition, for their compassionate feelings, and for readiness to forgive injuries? Very true; but, had the people of England *ever before* witnessed scenes like *that of 16th August*? Had they ever before witnessed things like those done to the *Carliles* and to *Joseph Swann*? Did the people of England ever before live under *Six-Acts*? Were English Printers ever before compelled to give bail even *before they began to print*? Were English writers and printers ever before

liable to be *banished for life* if they uttered any thing having a *tendency* to bring either House of Parliament into *contempt*? Did the people of England ever before see whole parishes of people *dying with starvation*, while the King's Ministers asserted, that there existed an *over-production of food*?

Therefore, horrid Borough-mongers, if there be a *change* in the conduct of the people; if their feelings, on an occasion like this, be not what they used to be, have we not here a sufficient *cause*? If there be a change in their *feelings*, has there not also been a change in their *treatment*? Let those whom it may concern *reflect on this*; for, let us hope, that such reflection may be yet *not too late*.

In conclusion, horrid Borough-mongers, let me once more express myself delighted at the state in which I now behold you. Your *traffic must cease* in spite of all you can do to prevent it. The difficulties are too great to be overcome by any thing short of that which will annihilate your infa-

mous trade for ever. All circumstances, foreign as well as domestic, conspire to produce this effect; and if, which is very likely, your lives should become insupportable under a state of things that would insure the happiness of the people, and the true glory of the country and the King, the remedy, as Castlereagh has taught you, is always in *your own hands*.

W.M. COBBETT.

#### MAD MINISTER.

THE COURIER Newspaper, well known to be a dead hireling, has made some statements, relative to the madness of Castlereagh, which are of the greatest importance to the people of this kingdom and to the King and his family. The object of these statements is to show, that the deceased was mad for a *good while* before he cut his throat. It is notorious, that, all this good while the COURIER was crying him up to the skies for his wisdom. Now, however, the tone is wholly changed; and, we are told, that this man, whom I, in contempt of him on account of his folly, used to call "our great po-

Q. 2

*itical philosopher," was a real crazy man at the time when the COURIER was holding him forth as the greatest statesman of the age. This is a comfortable discovery for us amongst all our difficulties! The COURIER also brings out, now, the letter of the "Great Duke," authenticated. I will first insert this curious document; then the Courier's testimonials of madness; and will then add a few remarks on both.*

*Greatest Captain's Letter.*

"London, Aug. 9, 1822.—DEAR SIR,—I called upon you with the intention of talking to you about Lord Londonderry, and of requesting you would call upon him. He promised me that he would send for you, but lest he should not, I entreat you to find some pretence for going down to him.—I entertain no doubt that he is very unwell. It appears that he has been over-worked during the session; and that his mind is overpowered for the moment and labours under a delusion. I state the impression made upon me in the interview I have just had with him. I told him that this was my impression; and I think it is his own, and he will probably communicate it to you; but lest he should not, I tell you what I think; begging you never to mention to any body what I have told you. I am setting out this moment for the Netherlands. I would have staid with Lord Londonderry, but he would not allow me. I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will write me a line, and have it left at my house, to let me know how you find him; and particularly if you think I am mistaken.—Ever, dear Sir, your's most faithfully,

(Signed) WELLINGTON."

*Courier's Testimonials.*

20 August 1822.

"His Lordship's manner to his Lady during the last two or three months was considerably changed; his observations or answers, which before were the kindest and most tender, were sometimes extremely petulant. It was remarked, too, that he was frequently absent, and even when there was company at his own table, that he has been twice addressed without replying. His memory had also greatly failed him, and, as Dr. Bankhead observed on the inquest, his Lordship is said to have himself complained of the defect. This was in him the more extraordinary, as previously no man possessed a better recollection, or confided more to it. In discharging his official or Parliamentary duties, he scarcely ever resorted to memoranda, but trusted with just dependence to his memory. The numberless instances in which he was thus able to recall at a moment's warning to the House of Commons, with the nicest accuracy of detail, the particulars of proceedings which had passed years before, must be familiar to all who have been in the habit of attending Parliamentary debates. A circumstance, however, which occurred in the House of Commons about six weeks back, will show, on the contrary, the melancholy reverse which was taking place. Two or three days before, an account was published in the newspapers of the capture of an English ship bound from Buenos Ayres with hides, by a Spanish vessel under an obsolete Spanish Colonial law. The British ship, it appeared, had been taken into Porto-Rico, and there condemned—part of the condemnation being published along with the account of her capture. To say nothing of advices, almost necessarily, having been officially received at the Foreign Office, of this transaction, before the public could have a knowledge of it, there is

great difficulty in conceiving that the Marquis of Londonderry, who daily saw at least all newspapers of note, should pass over, or not have his notice called to an article of the importance just described; yet, when the subject was brought before Parliament, his Lordship, to the astonishment of every one present, declared that he had never heard of the case alluded to, and made his acknowledgments to Dr. Lushington for his proffer of the documents respecting it. This fact may be fairly taken as a distressing proof either of that declension of memory, or lessness of mind, which but too truly demonstrates a loss of intellect. Something of the same decay of the faculties seems to have been indicated by the manner in which it was observed he lately used to mope about his seat at North Cray. He appeared oppressed in a sort of mysteriousness; walking about at a heavy lifeless pace, and alternately looking downwards, with his eyes fixed on the ground, or his face suddenly raised gazing at the Heavens. It was even observed at a late dinner at North Cray, which he gave to some distinguished persons (of whom it is said the Duke of York was one) that his Lordship on entering the parlour, without assigning any reason, requested the Duke of Wellington to take his Lordship's place at the table, while he sat in his Grace's. The most extraordinary aberration, however, which he committed previous to the prorogation of Parliament, was the treatment which his Excellency the French Ambassador experienced about a fortnight back. It is the *etiquette*, that the Minister of the Court where Foreign Ambassadors reside, always request them to call upon him, when he wishes for a conference, unless where the Minister of Foreign Affairs has a direct message to deliver from the King. Accordingly, about a fortnight ago, the Marquis of Londonderry sent a note to Viscount Cha-

teaubriand, requesting to see him at rather an unusually early hour on a following day. His Excellency, in conformity with the invitation, drove at the appointed time to his Lordship's house, and sent up his name. The Marquis of Londonderry was in his dressing-room: and when the servant announced that the French Ambassador was below, he desired the servant to say that he received no visitors that day! The man of course delivered this message, but Viscount Chateaubriand, conceiving there must be some mistake, desired him to remind his master that he had written for him to come. When the servant went up a second time and mentioned this circumstance, the Marquis of Londonderry, for the moment, recollects himself, and ordered his Excellency to be shown up—but strange to say, to his dressing-room instead of to the drawing-room! When the two Ministers met, of course some explanation passed, which helped to remove the awkwardness of the whole affair, and convinced the Foreign Nobleman that no slight was meditated towards him or his Court. Since, however, the unfortunate death of the Marquis of Londonderry has so awfully occurred, his Excellency sees a new solution for what previously, at best, appeared mysterious, and has mentioned the incident as it is now related. On Friday, when his Lordship came to town for the last time, it was remarked that he went three times successively to Carlton-house gate to wait upon his Majesty, and without entering, returned again to his house in St. James's-square. Once when he returned in this manner, he said that he should first go down to the office before he went to the King, and then as suddenly proceeded again to Carlton-Palace. After leaving his Majesty, he seems to have been conscious, for the first time, of the alarming state of his health, which he remarked that afternoon to Dr.

Bankhead. He also, while going down in the evening to North Cray, asked the Marchioness, “Did I speak much nonsense to the King today?” and then, as it were recollecting that she could give no answer, leaned back his head in the carriage, and seemed sunk in a sort of lethargy. All these painful circumstances, together with a multitude of others of a similar description, which the Marchioness herself has called to recollection, have, for the reason already mentioned, greatly reconciled her to the *Divine dispensation* with which she has been visited, and afford her Ladyship, as well as all his Lordship’s immediate connexions, considerable relief from the grief in which they were at first overwhelmed.

Now, then, what have we here? Assertions of madness existing as far back as the *middle of the month of May!* The Great Captain’s is a kind and a very proper letter; but, how came Castlereagh to be *left*; and to be left, too, at the *head of the Government*; for the office of the *Home Secretary* was left in his hands as well as his own office and that of Lord Bathurst? Suppose a *row* of some sort had happened in London, would not the military have been in pretty hands! In short, it is perfectly horrible to think of what might have taken place in any such case.

If this statement of the COURIER be true, the House of Commons has had a *mad leader* ever since

the 11th of May at least; and, it is too much to suppose, that no part of the madness existed, till the symptoms became apparent. The Viscount Chateaubriand, that excellent novel-writer, now, the COURIER tells us, sees a *new solution* of the conduct of our great hole-digging philosopher. And may not we see a “*solution*” of many and many sayings and acts that before made wise men *laugh* and even fools *stare*? This is the most satisfactory of all possible “*solutions*” of the project of making bank-notes a *legal tender*; for taking corn into *warehouse*, and for the *grinding* project; for the project of *lending public money* to the land-people until the *price of corn should rise*; aye, and for the “*Dead Charge*” project also, which *Lord King*, in his proposed *preamble*, treated as what it really was. Yes, we have now a complete “*solution*” of these and many other things, which before appeared wholly unsolveable. We shall watch the next batch of projects more narrowly, and shall be likely to trace them, at once, to their *true cause*, whatever pains may be taken to hide them from us.

To be sure, the pranks, here recorded, must be deemed proofs, or, at least, marks of madness;

but, then, who are we to look to for having suffered the madman to go on *leading* the House of Commons after these pranks were played? It is not much more than three months, since the defunct jeered Mr. Brougham upon the supposed wish of the latter *to get his place*, and, with his usual modesty, observed, that the *House*, he thought, would not be inclined to repose confidence in so *rash* and *blind* a leader! The *House*, or, at least, a great part of it, *loudly cheered this*; little thinking, all the while, that it was cheering one whose *absolute insanity* was to be openly declared by his own friends before the end of the Session! Was it not the duty of his colleagues to inform the king of the madness as soon as they even *suspected it*? Was it *right* to leave him in possession of the powers of the three Offices of State? Was it *right* to appoint him to represent the king at the approaching Congress at Vienna?

But, it would be useless to multiply questions on the subject. The whole of the case is now plain to the public. Nothing can render it obscure. And, therefore, here, for the present, I leave it.

### MORE MADNESS!!!

"The Dog-star rages!"—POPE.

THE *Old Times* has, for a long time, discovered marks of "*illness*," "*of mental delirium*," of "*mental delusion*," and all the rest of that which is so fashionable now-a-days. But, on Tuesday last, in the morning, it broke out into a *downright raving*. The *Old Thing* is never deeply affected except you touch its *monish*. Its *sale* is its God; and, if that *decline*, it becomes first melancholy, and then perfectly furious. We have touched it lately rather rudely upon this tender string. It has, for many months, been falling under two oppressive causes. The *New Times* has been stripping it of the custom of all the *Anti-Jacobins* and *lovers of blood*, who formerly adhered to it when it *justified the massacre of the Protestants at Nismes*; when it *justified the killing of Marshal Ney*; when it called *so loudly for the blood of Napoleon*; when it raved *for the execution of poor Cashman*. Of these blood-lovers, the abler writing of the *New Times* has stripped it; for, bloody as men may be, they do not like a *bungling*

and *brutal advocate* of *butchery*. The *Morning Chronicle*, by its superior talents and industry has stripped it of all those readers who understand any thing of foreign affairs and who expect something like *discussion* on prominent matters at home. It is impossible to look at the two papers of Tuesday, for instance, without perceiving, that no man of *sense*, who can afford to take a *Morning Paper*, will look at the *Old Times* if he can get the *Chronicle*. Under these causes the *Old Thing* had been wasting away for many months, when its conduct with regard to the *Bishop and Soldier* (which it was impossible to ascribe to but *one cause*) gave it a *twist downwards* more rude than any that it had before received.—We, in the *STATESMAN*, gave it a friendly push; and, one day last week, we challenged it to *swear to numbers published* for the last month, and did not hesitate to offer a bet, that its numbers had sunk *beneath ours*.—This *challenge*, which it *dared not accept* (for we were prepared for detection in case of *false swearing*) seems to have set it *raving*; and, on Tuesday, out it bursted in the following paragraph, which we give word for word, letter for letter, and dash for dash.

"That exemplary vagabond, Cobbett, has got *home* at last, as we are credibly informed. The old vermin had raised the country by his everlasting depredations—and, pursued on all sides, he has been run to earth—where, reader? *In the Treasury!* We often said he was, or would be, in the pay of Ministers, if he escaped hanging: When he offered to write for them some years ago if they would let him out of gaol, they were wise enough to laugh at him, as the wretch's character was then past redemption, and the Ministers had yet some to lose. But time is a great accommodater of difficulties: they have lowered their pretensions, and the old sinner his price—both approximating to that point which the arithmeticians call *Zero*. There is a Member of Parliament residing somewhere about Blackheath, who, for his readiness to execute all the behests of his masters, the Ministers, used to go by a nick-name, importing that he would stick at nothing, not even his own perdition, to gratify them. To the house of this tool, or whipper-in, let the world—let his own crew of half starved radicals—trace Cobbett, carousing with a crew of his familiars from Downing-street, drinking, speechifying revelling in the consciousness of having degraded the King's servants by his society, duped the radicals by his hypocrisy, and sold the remnant of his existence, infamy and all, for a living out of the public money. If they picture to themselves this—it is a true picture. The runners of the Treasury have laid hold of this miscreant. They feast him, they pay him, they compound for his still abusing the Government, if he will only *fling dirt at the independent part of the press*."

By "independent part of the press," the *Old Thing* means

*itself; and, independent indeed it is, if independence means the being at liberty to go to the best market, and to suppress and stifle, for reasons too obvious to mention, as in case of the *Bishop and the Soldier*!* Amongst all the symptoms of madness none is so usual and so conclusive as the party's conceiting himself to be something out-of-the-way *great and important* and thinking that *mighty machinations are going on against him*. Swift's Bedlamites conceit themselves emperors; and, in Don Quixote, the two madmen thought themselves, the one *Jupiter* and the other *Neptune*. A madman that once came to us with some complaint was afraid to tell us his story in a room, lest the spies of the *Austrian Police*, who had been following him all over Europe, should hear what he said. And here we have this crazy Old Newspaper asserting, with all the gravity imaginable, that "the Treasury" compounds with us and *pays* us for all we say about *Peel's Bill*, about the *Bishop and the Soldier*, about *Castlereagh*, about the *Borough-mongers*, and about all the rest of the concern, the *Gridiron* into the bargain, on the sole condition that we will "only *fling dirt*" at this Old Thing, which, God knows, is

already a mass of mud from the crown of its head to the sole of its foot! In such a case to delay to call in the *Doctor* would be inhuman; and, we hope it will not be thought impertinent in us, if we recommend *Dr. O'Meara*. If cure be to be effected at all, we are quite satisfied it is only by strong and repeated applications to the *shoulders*.

### SOLILOQUY.

(FROM A FRIEND IN SCOTLAND.)

Sir THOMAS LETHBRIDGE *solus*; sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand COBBETT'S LETTERS TO LANDLORDS. PEEL'S BILL on the table before him.

It must be so—Cobbett thou reason'st well! Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing for Reformed Parliament? [for, Or whence this secret dread, and inward hor- Of losing our estates? Why shrinks the soul Back on herself, and startles at 'Change Alley? 'Tis the mortgages that work upon us; 'Tis Peel himself that points out an hereafter, And intimates cash-payments to the Landlord. Cash-payment-Bill! Thou teasing, dreadful Act!

Through what variety of untried schemes, Through what new scenes and changes must you pass! [me;

The wild, th' outrageous humbug, lies before But puzzles, tricks, and blarney, rest upon it. Here will I hold. If there are public thieves, (And that there are the nation cries aloud In all petitions) they still must dread the gallows;

And that which they delight in must be wicked. But when! or where!—We're doom'd to toil for jobbers.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em. [Laying his hand on Peel's Bill.

Thus am I doubly bothered: my death and life,  
My bane and antidote are both before me :  
This in a moment tells me I am saved;  
But this informs me it is all my eye!  
The land secured in its existence smiles  
At Paper-hydra, and defies its venom.  
Rag-fairs shall fade away, the Bank itself  
Grew sick of duns, and Bank-notes sink in  
muck,  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of theories,  
The wrecks of bankers, and the crush of  
brokers!

## STATE OF FRANCE.

FROM THE STATESMAN, 14 AUG.

THAT which most nearly concerns ourselves is the thing first to be looked to. We are satisfied, that, at no distant day, the state of France will very closely concern us. The KING, at every opening and every close of session after session tells us, that he “continues to receive assurances of the friendly disposition of foreign powers,” and that this is a subject of satisfaction with him. This is something new in our history of King’s speeches. It argues uncommon anxiety for the preservation of peace. It argues an opinion in the Ministers, that the very sound of war would be dangerous to their places, if not to the whole system. It argues their thorough conviction, that the nation is wholly unable to enter on another war without imminent danger of a general internal convulsion.

Yet, this is not a very wise way of proceeding. The more strong their conviction of truths so fearful as those, the more carefully ought they to keep it to themselves. Sad, indeed, has been the disappointment of the Aristocracy and Church (which is, in fact, one body), who thought that the wings of France were clipped for ever; or, at least,

for a century or two; who hoped, that the Bourbons would put an end to the very sound of freedom; and who confidently expected, that the fights between them and the people of France would make the Government powerless and the people miserable.

These kind and amiable anticipations have been wholly disappointed. The BOURBONS have struggled, and do struggle, to get things back, towards the old order of things, as far as possible. But, they do not succeed to any great extent. The House of Lords do not possess much power. They do not put the Members into the other House. The People put them there; and, though the elections be not quite free and fair, and though the suffrage be much too limited; still the elections are not a mere sham; a mere insult to the people; a mere mockery of them. Some men, at any rate, are sent into the House by the hearty good wishes of the public-spirited part of the people; and, a few men of this description are sufficient to prevent enormous plunder of the people; because these men must be heard; and the press has the liberty to circulate their speeches. In short, the House is not a vile band, packed by the Aristocracy; and, left hand as well as right hand, having one common interest in passing laws to pillage the people.

Hence those violent agitations, which we see in the French House of Commons, and which our hired press call indecorous and represent as indications of approaching revolution. The fact is, the Members are in earnest; they are not opposed to each other in show only; the Minister has no honey-pot wherewith to convert the wasps into drones. It is not an assembly of bawlers, put into their seats by a band of wrangling Oligarchs, who are divided into two parties, and who fight for the plunder committed on the people; but who

have no ground for quarrel on any other score, and who all unite like brothers when the people are to be plundered or scourged.

The *Aristocracy* now existing in France has in it nothing of the hateful character of the thing. It is a parcel of men with *titles*; but that is all. They have not the revenues of a *Church* to divide amongst their relations and dependents. They do not, by one means and another, suck up a good fourth part of the fruit of the labour of the people. They have houses in the country, and some of them bits of parks; but, they do not hold whole districts in slavery. They have, of course, some influence in their several neighbourhoods; but, they have not corrupt things called corporations at their nod; they are not the owners of towns and boroughs, which they traffic in as in stalls at a fair. If they behave well they are respected: but, if ill, no man is afraid to speak freely his opinion of them. No man is afraid to censure their conduct; much less is any man afraid of being hunted from the face of the earth if he speak truth of a villain in this state of life.

Before the *French revolution*, that event which has produced so much good to that fine country, the *Noblesse* and the *Church* swallowed up almost the whole of the estates. That event divided the land into comparatively small parcels. It took the estate of one of the nobles, or churches, and divided it into perhaps, a hundred parts; so that, instead of a big, insolent *Seigneur*, or *Bishop*, with a hundred farms, it placed a hundred men with a farm each as his property.—The consequences of this has been, first, greater produce from the soil; second, an end to the old pauperism and beggary; third, a vast increase in the comfort and happiness of the middle class of people; and, fourth, an end to the servility, hypocrisy, and cringing and fumishing,

inseparable from a different state of things.

But, of all the changes that have taken place, the change most advantageous to formerly enslaved France, is the change with regard to the *Church*. In France there are no *tithes*. The Revolution swept them away by the very first swing of its tail. There are priests to be sure; but, they are paid by small stipends, and these principally from voluntary contributions. A French Bishop does not get above 500*l.* to 800*l.* a-year; not so much as many a clerk in some taxing offices! The French Clergy have no tithes; have no power to hector over the farmers; no means of domineering; no means of tormenting, scourging and ruining and bringing to beggary or suicide those whose souls they pretend to have under their care. The French Clergy are appointed, or chosen by those amongst whom they perform their religious duties; consequently they are not taken for the sake of aggrandizing the families to which they belong. They are not likely to be the brothers, uncles, sons, nephews, bastards, parasites, pimps, or something even worse, of those who have the power to force them upon the parishes. And, as the religion is the *Catholic*, these priests cannot marry, and, therefore, the parishes are not cursed with any insolence from their wives, while the nation is not burdened by endless broods of born gentlemen and ladies without money or estates; and whilst no priest can obtain a parish by marrying a cast-off mistress of any one. The French Priests are a set of humble men, as, indeed, they ought to be. They have nothing to carry them about but their legs. Of course they are no fox-hunters or shooters, or preservers of gibier (game,) and, are, therefore, little known, but in their capacity of teachers of religion. The French Priests cannot be *Juges de Paix*;

that is to say, Justices of the Peace, any more than they can be play-actors or mountebanks. So that they really have no temporal power; and, though they may have a distant political influence, the French people would as little expect to see one of them bustling about and bullying and threatening at an election as they would expect to see the Virgin Mary keeping a brothel.

This change in the affairs of the Church is a very great blessing to France. The parish priest is there, now, a friend and neighbour; and not a grasping, grinding, haughty and insolent master, who seems to think that all flesh, but his own, is grass, and who is never contented as long as there is any thing that he can squeeze from land or tree or beast or fish or fowl.

Accordingly agriculture now flourishes in France beyond, far beyond, all former example. The exact Mr. JACOBS, who gave evidence before the Agricultural Committee, last year, whose evidence was quoted with so much triumph by Lord LIVERPOOL, and who really seems to have travelled about the Continent for proofs, that other nations were as *much in distress as we*; the exact Mr. JACOBS says nothing about *distress in France*, in revolutionized, titheless, and almost bishoptless France; though he says so much about the distress in Poland, Prussia, Hanover, and in the "Orange Boven" countries. Oh, no! There is no "*agricultural distress*" in France; though we did think we had made her miserable for centuries!

The fact is, that the *Seigneurs* and the *tithes* being gone, the people enjoy the fruit of their own labour. There is little danger of distress from the lowering of the price of corn, when rents are so rare and when there are no *tithes*. Besides, the taxes are next to nothing in France. France has no debt worth speaking of; and her

currency has always been (since the day of *assignats*) real gold and silver, no base paper-money; no dirty rags, handed from man to man, dishonour that country. All is solid. No laws shifting value of money up and down. The currency is always the same, and men can tell to-day, what it will be in ten years' time.

There being scarcely any *debt*, the revenue, light as the taxes are, *surpasses the expenditure*; not in name; not in a nicknaming and shuffling about the several parts of it; but in *reality*; so that the Government can, and does, *prepare for war* slowly and soberly and solidly. The arsenals, fortified towns, and dock-yards never were in so fine a state in France as they are now. Great encouragement has been given to manufactures, which have advanced quite as fast as they ought to do for the good of the country. The country is prodigiously increasing in wealth and resources of all sorts, greatly assisted in this respect by the immense sums, the fruit of English labour, carried across the channel, and spent in France, in consequence of the absence there of that taxation, which takes a clip off from every shilling here. It is computed, that two millions a-year, at least, are carried from this country to be spent in that. That is to say, the whole of the fruit of the labour of about 70,000 labourers' families, consisting of 350,000 persons. This is the way that one nation becomes strong and another feeble; this is the way that one nation profits at the expense of another.

No wonder, that we hear of no complaints on the part of the *landlords* and the *farmers* in France. The Minister in that country does not complain of *over-production*, nor do we hear of *want* of any kind, much less of *starvation*. If we were to hear of such a thing; nay, if we were to hear of one single

parish complaining of dear bread, should we not be told to take *warning*, for that this arose out of the revolution? What, then, should we be told, if, in the French House of Commons, it were declared that whole parishes had received the *extreme unction* on account of want of food? We should certainly be told, that this was a relic of the *Revolution*!

The happy state of things in France, and particularly the great *prosperity and ease* of the farming and labouring classes, enable the Government, as was observed before, to make gradual *preparations for war*; and, the *treaty of commerce* lately formed with America shows that that object is never lost sight of. We believe, that there is a secret article relating to the *right of search*. We have been told so: we deem our authority good: and we believe the fact. We desire our readers to bear this in mind. The *treaty of commerce* is, however, a pretty close thing of itself. It amounts to something little short of a *maritime alliance* offensive and defensive, let our pretty Gentlemen think of it what they may. They, we dare say, pretty Gentlemen, can see nothing at all in it worth their notice. The nation (or we are much deceived) will find it worth its notice, in a very short time.

France has a *Censorship* as to the *press*; but, this is of a *limited nature*; and, we have no scruple to say, that as towards the people in general, the *press* is more *free*, or, which is the proper definition, *more true*, there, than it is here. There the difference is direct and open: here it is indirect and secret. There the *press* is, in certain cases, compelled to hold its tongue: here, it may lie as much as it pleases in favour of the great and against the little, and must not speak *truth* with impunity, if it meddle with wealth or power. The French is, unquestionably, the *honestest press*

of the two; and we believe it to be impossible to silence it to the extent that ours has been silenced in the case of the *Bishop and the Soldier*.

The Royal people of France, though too full, perhaps, of the stupid old notions about *blood* and the like, are, at any rate, of *good moral character*, and are *not expensive*; while, as to *sinecures* and pensions, there are, except merely to old soldiers, hardly any of the latter, and no such a thing known as a *sinecure*! It is a fact extremely curious, that our "*dead charge*," as the Ministers call it; that is to say, the pensions and allowances for services in the last war, amount annually to nearly as much as is required to support the whole of the present French army of *two hundred thousand men*! This, together with the six hundred millions of *debt* which the war costs, really seems to have answered no other purposes than those of making France happy in peace, and more formidable than ever in war; and, finally to sink England beneath her great and traditional rival.

France lost no *character* with the battle of Waterloo. It was then a *divided nation*. It was notorious to all the world that *bribes* flew till they dimmed the air. The whole Continent; every bayonet in it, was, by our money, brought to bear against her. It was not nation against nation; but all but one against that one. Can we do such a thing as this *again*? Can we give the Cossacks *sovereigns*? Can we again *subsidize* all, from Moscow to the Rhine? Faith, it is over. We can never play France that trick again; and her people as well as her statesmen *know it well*. They see with delight the Waterloo and Change Alley Debts hanging about our necks. They hear the cries of the *landlords* and *farmers*; they watch the *small note bill*; they see the *wavering* about in

our measures: and it would be to be sottish indeed not to be convinced, that they will not only assume a tone, but take steps, accordingly.

We have had a little *foretaste* in the total disregard, on the part of France, of our remonstrances on the subject of the Slave Trade. This is a curious thing, and wants a little explanation. At the peace of *Chantilly* (we think it was) when our great political philosopher sent NAPOLEON to *Elba*, the King of France was not induced to stipulate positively to put an end to the Slave Trade in the French Islands, which our *philanthropists* and our *colonial proprietors* were so anxious to see accomplished. When NAPOLEON came back from *Elba*, thinking that this was one way of out-doing the Bourbons, he abolished the Slave Trade. But, he had to go to Waterloo and face our last immense bale of Bank-notes! When, therefore, the King came to Paris again, and when the *Old Blucher* work and *museum* and *picture* and *statue* work was going on, the King was told by our great philosopher, that he could now have no hesitation to abolish the Slave Trade, at once, and unconditionally, seeing that the "Usurper" had done it to his hand. To such an argument and such large armies of all nations, in and about his capital, there was no answer; and the King of France agreed to the measure, "so highly interesting to humanity," and by no means less interesting to our colonial proprietors, who, having a pretty middling stock of blacks themselves, naturally wished to keep the planters of other nations from getting any, seeing that the more sugar was raised the less profitable the raising of sugar would be! Agreeably to this *funnue* stipulation the parties went on for some time; but it has long been notorious, that the French have stocked, and are stocking, their

Islands with negroes from Africa; and that they, with their usual politeness, answer our great Statesman's remonstrances, with "Oui, oui, Monsieur: vous avez raison;" but, that they *keep on the Slave-Trade* as regularly as they do from Baltimore; and, more regularly they certainly need not.

This is a *foretaste*. They turn a deaf ear. They shuffle us off. They laugh, in short, at negotiators that come with a *Debt* of eight hundred millions and a "*Dead Charge*" of five millions a-year hanging about their necks. They laugh at a negotiator without a forty-pounder at his back; and they well know, that we can never again fire off a forty-pounder without shaking the whole fabric of the THING to pieces.

The Bourbons must know well, that to mortify England, to shew hostility towards her, to injure and humble her as soon as they can, and, as soon as may be, to shew a disposition this way, is the surest possible mode of gaining the hearts of the French people. Stupid *hommes de lettres*, as the coxcombs call themselves, may say what they please about *mob*; but, it was clearly rooted *dislike of the English* that produced the pelting off of licensed vagrants that went to Paris to pick up some of the sovereigns that had been carried thither. What did the people there care about the *plays* that were acted? What did they care about *Shakespeare* or *Sheridan*? They disliked the thing because it was English; because English plays put them in mind of what *English Bank-Notes* had done. This was the ground-work of that clamour and pelting which drove the licensed vagrants off: and highly honourable the feeling was to the French people.

It is to be mad to suppose that the Bourbons do not see this feeling in the people, and to be worse than mad to suppose that they will

not yield to it, for their own safety as well as from motives of ambition. We look upon all the measures of the Bourbons to be taken with a view to our utter inability again to go to war. They will, every day, see fresh proofs of this inability. The constant prayer must be, that we shall adhere to the *mill-stones*; and they see that we *must* adhere to them until we have a *Reform of the Parliament*, which they will, and, perhaps rightly, conclude that we never shall have as long as the system can, by the means of any sacrifices, be held together.

Such is our view of the *State of France*, considered relatively to England. As to the vehement debates in the French House of Commons, we, taking into view the character of the people, regard them merely as proofs that the parties are in earnest. The Bourbons are sure to please the people, if they gratify them in their passion for glory; and particularly in their hatred of the *Bank Note nation*; the nation who got to Paris by dint of paper-money. The conclusion we should draw is this; that no time should be lost on the part of England to free herself from *tithes or debts*; but, as this does not seem likely to be the conclusion to which our Collective Wisdom will come, we must wait patiently for the operation of time and events.

ance of the Work will be precisely that of a Volume of the Register.

### COBBETT'S COLLECTIVE COMMENTARIES: *or,*

Remarks on the Proceedings in the Collective Wisdom of the Nation, during the Session which began on the 5th of February, and ended on the 6th of August, in the 3rd year of the Reign of King George the Fourth, and in the year of our Lord 1822; being the Third Session of the First Parliament of that King.

To which are subjoined,

A Complete List of the Acts passed during the Session, with Elucidations; and other Notices and Matters; forming, all together, a short but clear History of the Collective Wisdom for the year.

"In the Multitude of Councillors there is wisdom." *Proverbs, Ch. 24, V. 6.*

### PREFACE.

The Commentaries contained in this volume, were, in general, made and published *daily* in the *Statesman* newspaper. But, as I did not begin with that paper, until the end of February, a short account of the proceedings up to that time is now given, in order

To give the Reader information with respect to the nature of a Work which has already been advertised, and which will be published within a Fortnight or Three Weeks, I cannot do better than insert the Title and Preface, which will be seen below. The appear-

that the volume may not be defective. The *dates* are those of the *paper* in which the Commentaries appeared, and not of *the debates themselves*. However, the very day of the debate is usually mentioned also; so that there can hardly be any mistake in this respect.

The List of the Acts and the other matter subjoined will, I am persuaded, be found to be of the greatest utility. The great fault of *Parliamentary Debates*, as they are usually published, is their *immense bulk*. The *heavy cost* is something; but, it is nothing compared with the *unwieldiness* of that mass of confusion contained in two or three large volumes of what are called *Parliamentary Debates*; which, by the by, are frequently debates, or, at least, speeches, that have *never been uttered* in Parliament, but things written out by the *orators* themselves and got in the Debate-Volumes by force of *money*; so that the richer the more eloquent the orator. This is a curious way of obtaining renown. It is, indeed, a mere matter of traffick: so much

speech for so much money. Hence comes the curious fact, that those who make the shortest speeches in the House, or *none at all* in some cases, make the longest in the Debate-Volumes. However, we are arrived at a state of things, in which very few persons are to be duped by such means. And, in short, scarcely any body but the *orators by purchase* either buy or ever look at the cumbrous loads of trash, called *Parliamentary Debates*, which, in a few years, grow into such a heap, that the very thought of referring to them is enough to drive a man mad.

This Volume is not, at any rate, calculated to frighten by its *looks*; and, while its outside is not forbidding, its inside does really contain the pith of every discussion of any importance; and it presents a brief and impartial history of the Session. It is my intention to continue the work yearly, and at a very trifling expense, it will, I am persuaded, be found to be a very useful book.

WM. COBBETT.